

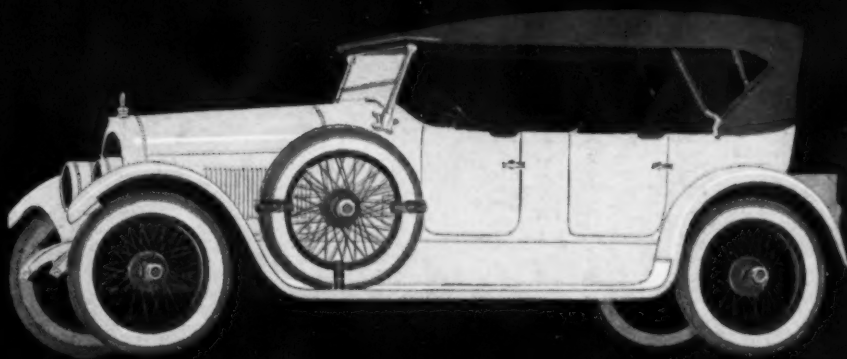
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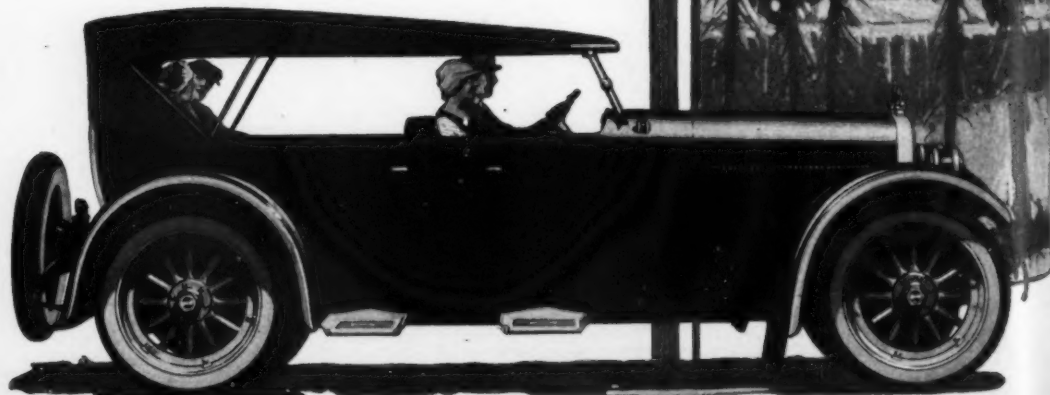
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But what about Woman?



"IF WINTER COMES"



"THE VANISHING POINT"



"THE ETERNAL WHISPER"



"THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED"



"THE TRIUMPH OF THE EGG"



"NOBODY'S MAN"



"MANSLAUGHTER"

Interpretations of Some Recent Book Titles

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### The Utter Failure

**I**N that vale of shadows where live the Folk of Fiction, the man with the long black mustache and the lady with the golden curls were on terms of perfect friendship. Indeed, a feeling of good fellowship among all the inhabitants was evident; among all, that is, save one.

One man, a slinking, furtive figure, although his features were as regular as those of a collar ad. Adonis, seemed deliberately to avoid all intercourse with his fellows.

Wherever a group formed, he moved away. When he passed anyone, he averted his gaze.

The Newcomer, fresh from a world of flappers and bootleg, noticed this studied avoidance of companionship and, being a newcomer, he questioned the recluse about it.

"I am the one failure here," the Outcast informed him in sorrowful tones. "I had my chance, time and again, but I always failed.

"Once I was secretary to a great financier. He trusted me. I loved his daughter and she returned my affection. Then, when his enemies in the Street had forced him to the wall and he was faced with ruin, I took upon myself the raising of the million he needed to pull through."

The speaker smiled bitterly, and his voice had a ring of self-contempt when he continued.

"The pawnbroker let me have three dollars on my watch and two more on my cuff links, but that was all I could get," he said, "so my employer failed and I did not marry the girl.

"Another time I was a substitute player on a big-league baseball team. I got a chance to play in the crucial series of the season. In the first two games I struck out every time I came to bat, and in the last two my errors let in the winning runs for our opponents. Naturally, we lost the pennant."

The Outcast sighed dismally.

"When I was sent to the Legislature —by the better element, of course," he continued in utter abjection, "an exceptionally vicious grab bill was introduced. As a reform member, I opposed it, and my vote would have stopped its passage, so evenly divided was the House. I had been playing poker all the night before the afternoon of the roll call, so I was in bed at my hotel when the measure came up. It passed."

After the last bitter admission the Outcast broke down and sobbed violent-



### Spring on Parnassus

*Now comes the time for joyous rhyme;  
All Helicon discards  
Your ragged rows of saved up prose,  
Ye tuneless modern bards!*

*Go, take a bus! for Pegasus  
With lashing heels denotes  
His utter scorn for Free Verse corn  
And Polyphonic oats!*

A. G.

ly, but presently a measure of calm returned to him and he spoke again.

"I got my last chance when I was a gentlemanly burglar, operating solely in the homes of the vulgarly wealthy," he resumed. "I had broken into a Fifth Avenue home and the beautiful daughter of the owner surprised me at my work.

"With a gesture of magnificent scorn, she seized a tray of jewels from the safe and handed them to me.

"Don't be a thief, you who should be a man," she cried. "If you need these miserable trifles, take them! I give them to you!"

"I was struck by her beauty and impressed by her contempt for my calling, but I had sense enough to tap her on the head with a blackjack and finish my job.

"So I'm back here again and I don't suppose any author will be so foolish as to give me another chance," the Outcast concluded. "But then," he added, with an air of resignation, "I don't deserve one."

The Newcomer nodded in agreement, shuddered and walked rapidly away.

J. K. M.

### Schools of Literature

COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR: Mr. Welldon, how do you define Realism?

WELLDON: Realism is the Romance of trying to be miserable.

FRIEND: It never hurts one to love and lose.

MR. PECKMOORE: But one can't always lose!





THE domestic distiller first brews with alarm and then pints with pride.

John McGraw is not going to do his baseball managing from the bench this season, but for that matter, neither is Judge Landis.

Hylan aims to make New York a one-boss town.

A one-cent stamp has just sold for \$32,077. Perhaps Mr. Hays now realizes what a mistake he made in preferring the movies.

In Ireland there are too many counties heard from.

Chicago High Schools May Teach Chinese.—*Headline.* The first thing we know some of our flappers will be speaking English.

A measure which "shall curb cartoonists in their activity of making public men ridiculous" has been proposed. Sometimes, alas, the cartoonist finds that he has arrived too late, nature having done the job for him.

It is still a question whether the Dearborn *Independent* or the Ford engine does the most knocking.

"You check your troubles with your hat," quoth a restaurant man in his advertisement. But, at least, you can get your troubles back without tipping anybody.

After careful investigation, the New York police report that the crime wave is caused by ultra-violent rays.

To beach an ocean liner = 100% loss.  
To beach hotels (same locality) = 300% profit.

Those Irish compacts sound more like impacts.

If we had payrolls made by check instead of cash the bandits would be sure to demand that they be certified.

Somewhat ahead of the cave-man is the Lucy Stone-age woman.



Civic Virtue

To be presented to Mayor Hylan by grateful friends and admirers.

Senators Debate Behind Closed Doors.—*Headline.*

If there were only some way of their doing it behind closed mouths.

Jack Dempsey said, in Paris, that he had no intention of going up in an aeroplane; but that was no news to the recruiting officers of the aviation section, U. S. Army.

Many readers are asking if Shelley wrote anything in his life besides the caption for a novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson.

Life, for the average citizen, has settled into a series of raids and radios.

The *Subway Sun* says New York City has the largest floating population in the world. What about Venice?

"There is just as much patriotism among bankers as there is in Congress," says one of the former. Why should bankers knock themselves like that?

The Americans are a hardy race. Despite the earnest efforts of gunmen and automobilists and literary critics and after-dinner speakers and jilted women, they keep on increasing.

It is a fortunate thing that the Greek royal family was restored to the throne. Otherwise, where would the young princes of Europe get their wives?

There is a renewal of the demand for "hard-headed business men in politics." A great deal, however, depends upon what it is that makes their heads hard.

There is a counter in a large bookstore devoted to "Slightly Soiled Volumes." A few suggestions: "The Sheik," "Jurgen," "Cytherea," and the collected works of Elinor Glyn.

1800 A. D. My kingdom for a horse!  
1900 A. D. A mortgage on my house for a car!  
1922 A. D. My reputation for a quart!

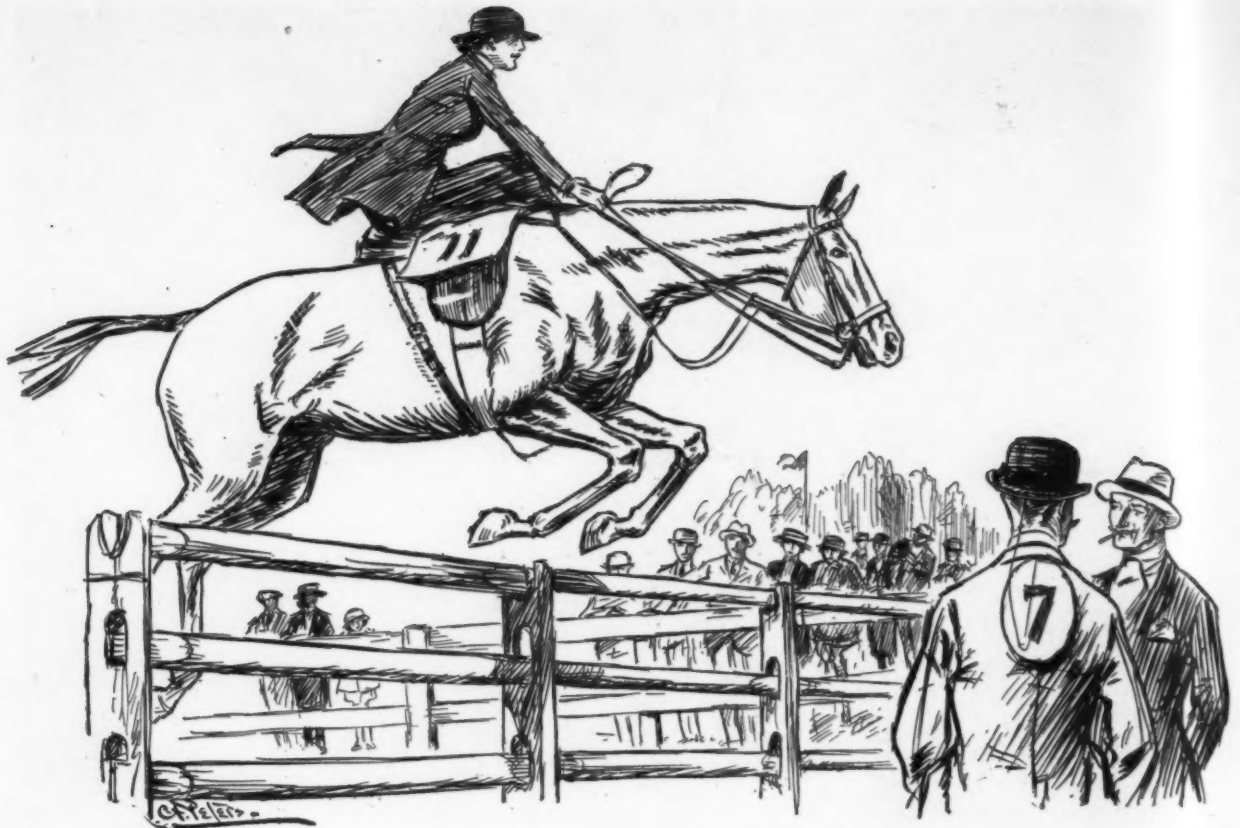
"Nothing is so indispensable to the aspirant for camera honors as big eyes," writes a prominent moving picture director.

The big head will come later.

In Ireland, truce is stranger than fiction.



“And I’ll promise to be a good boy—”



"Just like her husband."

"Didn't know he rode."

"The horse, I mean—never refuses anything she puts him to."

## Twin Bed-Time Stories

### Domestic Finance



**SCENE:** *The Newleighs' bedroom, twenty minutes after Benedict and his wife Leila have retired for the night.*

**BED No. 1** (*Mrs. Newleigh turns over to look in the direction of her husband's bed. The glance apparently satisfies her.*): Benedict. (*A slight movement on Benedict's part*

*is designed to indicate sleep.*) Benedict, are you asleep?

**BED No. 2** (*in a muffled tone*): Yes.

**BED No. 1** (*triumphantly*): There! I knew you weren't. I want to ask you something.

**BED No. 2**: Questions are limited to five minutes each. I've got work to do to-morrow.

**BED No. 1**: As long as you are awake you might as well listen to me.

**BED No. 2**: Am listening. Can't help it—as long as I'm awake.

**BED No. 1**: Now keep quiet, Benedict, and listen to me. Do you or don't you buy stocks?

**BED No. 2**: Do. Good night, m'love.

**BED No. 1**: How do you know what stocks to buy?

**BED No. 2** (*yawning*): Oh—look up their finances, see what dividends they are paying, prospects and such stuff.

**BED No. 1**: Didn't that steel stock you bought last week go down?

**BED No. 2**: Yes, but—

**BED No. 1**: What did you buy it for, then?

**BED No. 2** (*tossing restlessly*): Thought it was going up.

**BED No. 1** (*with conviction*): You didn't investigate, then!

**BED No. 2** (*impatiently*): Of course I did! Now I'm going to sleep. Good night, Honey. No nightmares!

**BED No. 1**: You are not going to sleep. You're going to listen to me! If you had waited and watched the stock you could have seen whether your judgment was right or wrong, couldn't you?

**BED No. 2**: Yes, of course. But what good would that have done?

**BED No. 1** (*addressing an imaginary third person in the darkness*): Listen to him. He could have saved himself money and he asks what good that would have done. He doesn't want me to have nice dresses and other things like my friends. Oh—

**BED No. 2**: Oh, keep quiet!

**BED No. 1** (*suddenly*): Benedict, I want some money the first thing in the morning.



BED No. 2 (*suspiciously*): What for?

BED No. 1: I'm going to buy myself some stock, and make lots of money.

BED No. 2: Nonsense! You don't know anything about the market.

BED No. 1: I do too, I know a very good stock named the Marigold Oil Co. It has good prospects and all those other things you spoke about. Besides, I like the name—don't you?

BED No. 2: Good heavens! Have you gone completely crazy?

BED No. 1 (*beginning to weep*): I think I must have been when I decided to marry you.

BED No. 2: I know I was!

BED No. 1: I ask you for money the first time in my life and—

BED No. 2: You can't have a cent for anything like that.

BED No. 1 (*she is weeping in third speed now, with the throttle wide open*): You lose money because you know so much about stocks and y-you won't let me make some so I can have a few of the luxuries I was accustomed to before I married you. Oh, OH, OH—

(*Benedict's job has just started. Curtain.*)

T. H. L.

### Poem in the American Manner

I DUNNO yer highfalutin' words, but here's th' way it seems  
When I'm peekin' out th' winder o' my little House o' Dreams;

I've ben lookin' 'roun' this big ol' world, as bizzy as a hive,  
An' I want t' tell ye, neighbor mine, it's good t' be alive.

I've ben settin' here, a-thinkin' hard, an' say, it seems t' me  
That this big ol' world is jest about as good as it kin be,  
With its starvin' little babies, an' its battles, an' its strikes,  
An' its profiteers, an' hold-up men—th' dawggone little tykes!—

An' its hungry men that fought fer us, that nobody employs.  
An' I think, "Why, shucks, we're jest a lot o' grown-up little boys!"

An' I settle back, an' light my pipe, an' reach fer Mother's hand,

An' I wouldn't swap my peace o' mind fer nothin' in the land;

Fer this world uv ours, that jest was made fer folks like me an' you

Is a purty good ol' place t' live—say, neighbor, ain't it true?

D. P.



"Well, I'm warning you! You keep your dashed infernal bees out of my garden or, by thunder, I'll—I'll shoot them!"



"Say! My father owns these lots, so I'm goin' to be pitcher, see?"

## Song for Anthologies

(With the Compliments of the Season to W. S. Gilbert)

AS the burglar still continues enterprising,  
 Enterprising,  
 He has given up the grosser forms of crime,  
 Forms of crime;  
 And is now anthologizing, 'thologizing,  
 'Thologizing,  
 Making free with other people's bits of rhyme,  
 Bits of rhyme.  
 So he preys upon the products of the gifted,  
 Of the gifted,  
 Whom he doesn't often have to reimburse,  
 Reimburse.  
 With the cream of many volumes gently lifted,  
 Gently lifted,  
 He compiles a Wee Anthology of Verse.

When he wants to put a penny in his purse,  
 In his purse,  
 He compiles a Wee Anthology of Verse.

When you chance to need some easy pocket money,  
 Pocket money,  
 You will thank me for this inexpensive hint,  
 'sponsive hint,  
 For anthologizers,—which is mighty funny,  
 Mighty funny,—  
 Are not often asked to pay for what they print,  
 What they print.  
 For the poet thinks it helps his reputation,  
 Reputation,  
 (And the poet really ought to have a nurse,  
 Have a nurse).  
 So for little work and ample compensation,  
 Compensation,  
 Just compile your Wee Anthology of Verse.

When you want to put a penny in your purse,  
 In your purse,  
 Just compile your Wee Anthology of Verse.

A. G.

### Wild Sports for Blue Sundays



**Skylarking**

Was heretofore a minor sport,  
But since the Blue Barrage,  
Its devotees must now resort  
To thrilling camoufflage.



**The Chase**

The Wild Goose Chase may still be done—  
A stupid inconsistency—  
And one may chase oneself—and one  
May lead a chaste existence.



**Shooting**

No Nimrods will infest the wood—  
There won't be any trains.  
No Sabbath shooting can be good,  
Excepting shooting pains.



**Steeplechase**

This gentleman is going some  
To purge the world of lies;  
Because of him this sport's become  
Just what its name implies.



**Big Game Hunting**

Blind tigers, dodgers of the laws—  
And they aren't big at all;  
They only seem that way because  
The hunters are so small.



**Trap-Shooting**

To throw the bull; or shoot one's trap  
On cinemas and cider;  
Except that now the awful gap  
Is opened somewhat wider.



## The Benchley-Whittier Correspondence



OLD scandals concerning the private life of Lord Byron have been revived with the recent publication of a collection of his letters. One of the big questions seems to be: *Did Byron send Mary Shelley's letter to Mrs. R. B. Hoppner?* Everyone seems greatly excited about it.

Lest future generations be thrown into turmoil over my correspondence after I am gone, I want right now to clear up the mystery which has puzzled literary circles for over thirty years now. I need hardly add that I refer to what is known as the "Benchley-Whittier Correspondence."

The big question over which both my biographers and Whittier's might possibly come to blows is this, as I understand it: *Did John Greenleaf Whittier ever receive the letters I wrote to him in the late Fall of 1890? If he did not, who did? And under what circumstances were they written?*

I was a very young man at the time, and Mr. Whittier was, naturally, very old. There had been a meeting of the Save-Our-Song-Birds Club in old Dane Hall (now demolished) in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Members had left their coats and hats in the check-room at the foot of the stairs (now demolished).

In passing out after a rather spirited meeting, during the course of which Mr. Whittier and Dr. Van Blarcom had opposed each other rather violently over the question of Baltimore orioles, the aged poet naturally was the first to be helped into his coat. In the general mix-up (there was considerable good-natured fooling among the members as they left, relieved as they were from the strain of the meeting) Whit-

tier was given my hat by mistake. When I came to go, there was nothing left for me but a rather seedy gray derby with a black band, containing the initials "J. G. W." As the poet was visiting in Cambridge at the time I took opportunity next day to write the following letter to him:

Cambridge, Mass.  
November 7, 1890.

Dear Mr. Whittier:

I am afraid that in the confusion following the Save-Our-Song-Birds meeting last night, you were given my hat by mistake. I have yours and will gladly exchange it if you will let me know when I may call on you.

May I not add that I am a great admirer of your verse? Have you ever tried any musical comedy lyrics? I think that I could get you in on the ground floor in the show game, as I know a young man who has written several songs which E. E. Rice has said he would like to use in his next comic opera—provided he can get words to go with them.

But we can discuss all this at our meeting, which I hope will be soon, as your hat looks like hell on me.

Yours respectfully,  
ROBERT C. BENCHLEY.

I am quite sure that this letter was mailed, as I find an entry in my diary of that date which reads:

"Mailed a letter to J. G. Whittier. Cloudy and cooler."

Furthermore, in a death-bed confession, some ten years later, one Mary F. Rourke, a servant employed in the house of Dr. Agassiz, with whom Whittier was bunking at the time, admitted that she herself had taken a let-

ter, bearing my name in the corner of the envelope, to the poet at his breakfast on the following morning.

Whatever became of it after it fell into his hands, I received no reply. I waited five days, during which time I stayed in the house rather than go out wearing the Whittier gray derby. On the sixth day I wrote him again, as follows:

Cambridge, Mass.  
May 5, 1890.

Dear Mr. Whittier:

How about that hat of mine?

Yours respectfully,  
ROBERT C. BENCHLEY.

I received no answer to this letter either. Concluding that the good gray poet was either too busy or too gosh-darned mean to bother with the thing, I myself adopted an attitude of supercilious unconcern and closed the correspondence with the following terse message:

Cambridge, Mass.  
August 4, 1890.

Dear Mr. Whittier:

It is my earnest wish that the hat of mine which you are keeping will slip down over your eyes some day, interfering with your vision to such an extent that you will walk off the sidewalk into the gutter and receive painful, albeit superficial, injuries.

Your young friend,  
ROBERT C. BENCHLEY.

Here the matter ended so far as I was concerned, and I trust that biographers in the future will not let any confusion of motives or misunderstanding of dates enter into a clear and unbiased statement of the whole affair. We must not have another Shelley-Byron scandal.

### The Ascent of Monk



Said Jocko the monk:  
"Now let's see . . ."

"Mr. Darwin wrote something  
on me . . ."

"Ah! Here's what he says—  
that in primitive days . . ."

"Great MAN was descended  
from ME! . . ."



Methuselah (who has just signed a ninety-nine-year lease): If I like it I may decide to renew.

### Wives

I AM weary of wives: wives who continually tell me they are madly in love with their husbands, wives who continually tell me they loathe their husbands like nothing else on earth, wives who appear at breakfast looking like the drowned Ophelia, wives who breakfast at five o'clock in the afternoon, wives who are invariably in the throes of divorce, wives who tell me confidentially each and all of their domestic difficulties, wives who insist upon living in the country and then spend six days a week in town, wives who invite me to dinner and throughout the entire meal carry on a battle with their dreary husbands, wives who take their husbands on shopping expeditions, wives who trot out the little ones when I come to tea, wives who tell their husbands the next morning everything I said to them the night before, wives who are always cross-examining their husbands about the "other woman," wives who leave my letters lying about the house, wives who are always pretending their husbands are insanely jealous, wives who have husbands who are insanely jealous, wives who choose their husbands' hats, wives who telephone me at 3 A. M. to inform me that their husbands haven't come home, wives who telephone me at 3 A. M. to inform me that their husbands have come home.

### The Door Was Open

"In these hard times I'm trying to make a living by selling this set of books. Won't you help me out?"  
 "You betcha. I will in a minute if you don't go peaceably."

### The Singer

*THIS is a song that fell from a tree,  
 From a brown jolly bird that was singing to me;  
 And the theme of his singing seemed ever to be,  
 Tweedledy—eedledy—ay!*

He sang me of earth on a green day in spring  
 When Nature was taking her annual fling;  
*Tweedledy—eedledy—ay!*  
 Of hay ricks and meadows and dear growing trees;  
 Of white scented blossoms; the dull boom of bees;  
 And always he finished his carol of these  
 With *tweedledy—eedledy—ay!*

He sang me of winds on a blue rolling hill,  
 Of sun-checked meadows and vales deep and still;  
*Tweedledy—eedledy—ay!*  
 Of ten little pigs and a pensive old sow,  
 Of frisky young colts; downy chickens; and how  
 The earth curls away from the blade of a plough!  
*Tweedledy—eedledy—ay!*

He sang me a rollicking song of his mate  
 In the crab apple tree by the side of the gate;  
*Tweedledy—eedledy—ay!*  
 He sang me (I swear it) a song that I knew—  
 A song of the youth and the sweetness of you . . .  
 But all I could hear of the words were these two,  
*Tweedledy—eedledy—ay!*

G. L. E.

## The Modern Novel

### *Its Plot and Characters Discussed by Fishbein & Blintz*

Montague Glass

"YES, Blintz," Harris Fishbein, the pants manufacturer, said to his partner, Max Blintz, "former times when you got from the library a story book, y'understand, you could really enjoy, on account the people in it was rich, and every other page they had parties with Dukes in them and everything, but nowadays what is it with novels? From the first page, y'understand, where the feller gets born, understand me, right the way through to the finish, he is up against one tough proposition after another,—most of which you hate to talk about to your wife even."

"Such loafers you could run across every day by accident without deliberately going to work and wasting your time reading about them in books already," Max Blintz remarked. "And as for stories about people in hard luck, Fishbein, if I wanted to read such *meises*, I could write such a book myself about a couple of pants manufacturers which ain't sold enough goods to pay running expenses for six months already."

"Well, why *don't* you write one?" Fishbein asked. "A whole lot of people seems to be making money that way nowadays, Blintz, which only last night I was reading in a book by the name 'Main Street,' and do you suppose for one moment that anybody gets murdered in it or anything? *Oser!* The whole thing is about a doctor and his wife lives in a small town in Minnesota, and up to the time I fell asleep over it, they was still living there."

"And that's a book!" Blintz said.

"I passed the self-same remark to my wife," Fishbein went on, "and she got awful sore at me."

"What for?" Blintz inquired.

"Well, it seems that after living in this here small town for quite a spell,—say four or five hundred pages or so, the man's wife got to thinking things over and left him."

"But could he help it if the town was small?" Blintz asked.



"Women which ain't got nothing better to do than read such stories says to themselves 'This could easy be me.'"

"The point was, he couldn't understand her, and my wife also said I couldn't understand *her*. So the first thing you know, Blintz, one word led to another, including why I hadn't hired that cottage last summer down in Edgemere and did I ever take her to the opera three times since we was married, y'understand, and what with one thing and another, understand me, it



"Former times a story book had parties with dukes in them and everything."

sets me back for two dollars a box of mixed chocolates and bum bums before I could square myself at all."

"Well, that's the trouble with them stories which is so re-elastic that everybody in them has a rotten time," Blintz observed. "Women which ain't got nothing better to do than read such stories, says to themselves: 'This could easy be me,' Fishbein, and right away they begin to figure to themselves that they ain't getting a square deal on account all their husbands is doing for them is to work like a dawg downtown every day from eight to six so that he can just come out even at the end of the year. Whereas, Fishbein, when they used to read them stories where the Duke murders his wife and

chases off with her best friend to Paris or somewheres, they says to themselves: 'Thank Heavens I've got such a husband which he ain't in the Duke business and I could tell where he is every hour out of the twenty-four.'"

"The whole trouble is that nowadays authors has got lazy the same like work-people in every other line, Blintz," said Fishbein, "and write about what is happening to their friends and relations, and they even use their own experiences and put them into a book. So naturally, Blintz, books ain't so interesting no longer, because take the average author, and if he has had *one* murder among all his friends and relations, that would be big already. And as for his own experiences, Blintz,—well, we all had them before we got married, but we're a little backward about telling them even in private."

"I wonder the police lets such books be sold at all," Blintz remarked.

"Once in a while they don't," Fishbein said, "and then the authors go to work and beef something terrible about roughneck policemen interfering with art."

"Art nothing!" Blintz exclaimed. "Art is something which only an artist could do,

(Continued on page 30)





"Hey! What's the idea of the chain? I paid me ten cents!"

**The Ballad of Mary Ann**

MARY ANN came by one Sunday,  
Told us she would start on Monday,  
Liked our looks, and liked our pay.  
"Shure!" says she, "I'll come to stay."

Monday morning, sharp at eight,  
Mary Ann was at the gate.  
"I'd like," says she, "to ask about  
The afternoons what I has out."

She told us that she'd just as soon  
Take a Tuesday afternoon.  
"But as I never works all day  
I'll not start in till Wed-nes-day."

On Wednesday Mary wrote and said,  
"Begorra! I am sick abed,  
But God be willin', Thursday morn  
I'll be to work as shure's yer born."

Thursday morning came a letter:  
Says she, "Thank God—I'm feelin' bet-  
ter,  
An' by the blessed saints, I say  
I'll shure be back on -Saturday."

Saturday came and we did wait  
From early morn till very late

But no one passed who looked to be  
The least like Mary Ann to me.

Mary Ann came back on Sunday,  
Said, "I'll have to quit on Monday,  
I like you fine, but I can't stay,  
I just stopped by to get me pay."

E. M. W.

**Deflating Worry**

IN keeping with the trend of the  
time, the cost of worry has gone up.  
The everyday necessity of pre-war days  
is now a luxury of the favored few.

A good worry never hurt anybody.  
People thrive on it. Nations prosper  
and civilization advances in proportion  
to the amount of worry current among  
the inhabitants at any given period.  
What then is to be done in the present  
emergency?

Obviously it is a problem for our  
economists. We say obviously, because  
if there is any problem now confront-  
ing the world that our economists are  
not cheerfully attempting to solve, we,  
for one, do not know what it is. All  
worry needs is a return to normalcy.  
Has no one the courage to call a confer-  
ence?

F. W.

**Financial**

"AND your salary will be ten mil-  
lion a year," the moving picture  
magnate added.

The star looked at him unmoved.  
Finally she remarked: "But I shall  
have other expenses—many of them.  
Am I not to be allowed a drawing ac-  
count?"

"Certainly," the magnate replied.  
"You will be allowed one million a year  
for clothes, one hundred thousand for  
motor transportation, two hundred thou-  
sand rental allowance, one million for  
servant hire and another million for  
incidentals."

The star signed the contract, after  
which she departed. On her way home  
she stopped at the office of the Petro-  
grad Livery Company, where she left  
an order.

A few minutes later the manager  
called in his foreman.

"Is our fleet of trucks in good con-  
dition?" he asked.

"Yes," returned Ivan.

"Then go over to the Magnifovitch  
Picturesky Company and present this  
order. It calls for 13,300,000 rubles."

W. R. D.



MAY 11, 1922

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Vol. 79. No. 2062

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
London Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.  
598 Madison Avenue, New York



THERE is a fine vehemence about Joseph Pennell. Sometimes he goes wrong about facts as when recently, in railing at the magazines, he compared the advertising rates of *LIFE* and *Punch*. But mistakes of fact are easily corrected and should not be suffered to lessen the value of indignation exploded in a good cause. When Mr. Pennell talked the other day about out-door advertising all his indignation found a proper mark. It is a topic fit for the ablest scold in commission and since Whistler is dead, Mr. Pennell might fairly claim to be that. He called the out-door advertisers hard names, but not too hard. "They've stolen the beauty of the country," he said, "and a man who steals beauty is a greater criminal than a man who steals cash."

That is really an idea worth circulating. The bill-board and out-door advertising men have no conception at all of the truth of it. They would understand that to throw filth in a man's face was an assault on him, but they do not recognize that they injure him when they throw ugliness in his eyes. To them objection to assaults on the eyes and disfigurement of the landscape by hideous advertisements is a mere selfish fastidiousness that hinders lawful business.

The tolerance of the sort of out-door advertising we have in this country is one of the most convenient measures of our civilization. It is a plain, glaring outrage on beauty. When enough people recognize that it is an outrage and are sufficiently pained by it to support measures for its control, it will disappear. Up on the Riverside Drive in New York, alongside of the viaduct,

there is a great bill-board set up on top of a building and close to the roadway which fits accurately into the throat of the view up the Hudson River as seen from the Claremont and Grant's Tomb. It is patronized by some of the most responsible advertisers. So far as we know it is the most notable expression of impudence—the most brutal assertion of contempt for the public welfare—that has been set up anywhere in the land. So long as that bill-board remains we have a measure of what the people of New York will tolerate. Last year some of the out-door advertising people painted advertisements across the painted rocks of the Mississippi, but the descendants of the Indians who put the pictures on the rocks, scrubbed the advertisements off while the paint was still wet.

Expect no consideration or compunction from the out-door advertising people. They are public enemies, ruthless, impudent, brutal, irresponsible. They will do their worst as long as they can, and in that there is hope, for their worst is too bad to last.



THE recent remonstrances of various citizens, chiefly women, against the MacMonnies Civic Virtue group about to be set up in front of New York's City Hall, invite consideration of the question whether public sculpture is a necessary evil.

In New York few of the out-door works of art are popular. St. Gaudens' Farragut is generally commended. His Sherman has many friends and no more critics than must be expected. But few people seem pleased with the lady of the Pulitzer fountain, the memorial to the Maine is seldom commended,

and possibly this impending offering by MacMonnies will not fare any better.

New York is considerably a Jewish city nowadays. All its sculptural problems might be solved at once by a resolve to put more ginger behind the ten commandments and enforce the second one which prohibits likenesses of created things. The Jews and Mahomedans observe that commandment in the decoration of their places of worship. The Christians ignore it, or regard it as obsolete, hence troubles and disputes over every new effort at sculptured adornment.



IF you had a safe and a nice line of Liberty bonds, numbered but not registered, and you put the bonds in the safe, and skilful but unscrupulous persons stole them out of it and sold them, and when you traced and found your bonds and knew them by their numbers you found they were no longer yours but belonged to the last buyer, how do you think you would feel about it?

You would feel, probably, as a reader of *LIFE* in Pittsburgh feels, to whom all this has happened, and would agree with him that the law should hand you back your stolen Liberties, no matter how honestly their actual possessor had come by them. But the law would not do that for you. If someone steals your Liberty bonds and you catch the thief before he has sold them, you might get them back, but if anyone has bought them in good faith, not knowing them to be stolen, they are his. Liberty bonds are like our paper money. If you come honestly by a

hundred dollar bill, and it is a good bill, you need not concern yourself about its pedigree, or who had it last. No one can take it away from you because he knows and can prove by its number that it is a stolen bill. Liberty bonds were issued with this property of money to make them more popular. They do not have to have pedigrees attesting that they have been honestly derived.

Our Pittsburgh friend thinks this is very wrong and a great encouragement to robbery, and a contributing cause perhaps to the great hold-up industry now so prevalent. He thinks the courts ought to give him back his stolen bonds, and that buyers of Liberty bonds should know that they are getting honest articles and not thieves' loot. Mr. Secretary Mellon is a Pittsburgh man. Perhaps he would agree with his neighbor but we cannot be sure. Financiers are apt to have their own opinions and their own reasons for them, and Mr. Mellon might think that an arrangement that was useful in selling the Liberties ought to be good enough to abide by now that they have all been sold.

As for LIFE, it would not venture to put out an opinion on so solemn a commercial question, but if Liberties are

stolen in quantities large enough to make them seem unsafe to investors, something may be done to make them less transferable. At present they are still in good demand at good prices.



**H**OW would you feel if you were a California Indian and your country had been transferred to the United States by Mexico by a treaty (in 1848) in which it was bargained that your land rights should be respected, and your forbears had made further treaties four years later with a Commission from Washington by which specified lands were reserved to them and other benefits promised, and none of these agreements had been carried out?

How would you feel about it? The chances are you wouldn't feel perceptibly because of being dead. There were 210,000 Indians in California in 1850, and there are about 20,000 now. But if you were alive enough, you might have been a member of the delegation of California Indians that went to Washing-

ton in March to try to get Congress to back them with a law enabling them to go to the Court of Claims and try to recover a modest and limited fraction of what had been promised them. A California organization, the Indian Board of Co-operation, is helping them, and some of them are self-helpful in a remarkable degree, so something may possibly be coming to them.

One hears that the California Indians are the least affluent of all American Indians. They have not had even the most meagre approach to a fair deal, but that is not extraordinary considering that the Americanization of California was a particularly excited and ruffled process, complicated with the finding of gold and intensified by the remoteness of the Pacific coast from Washington.

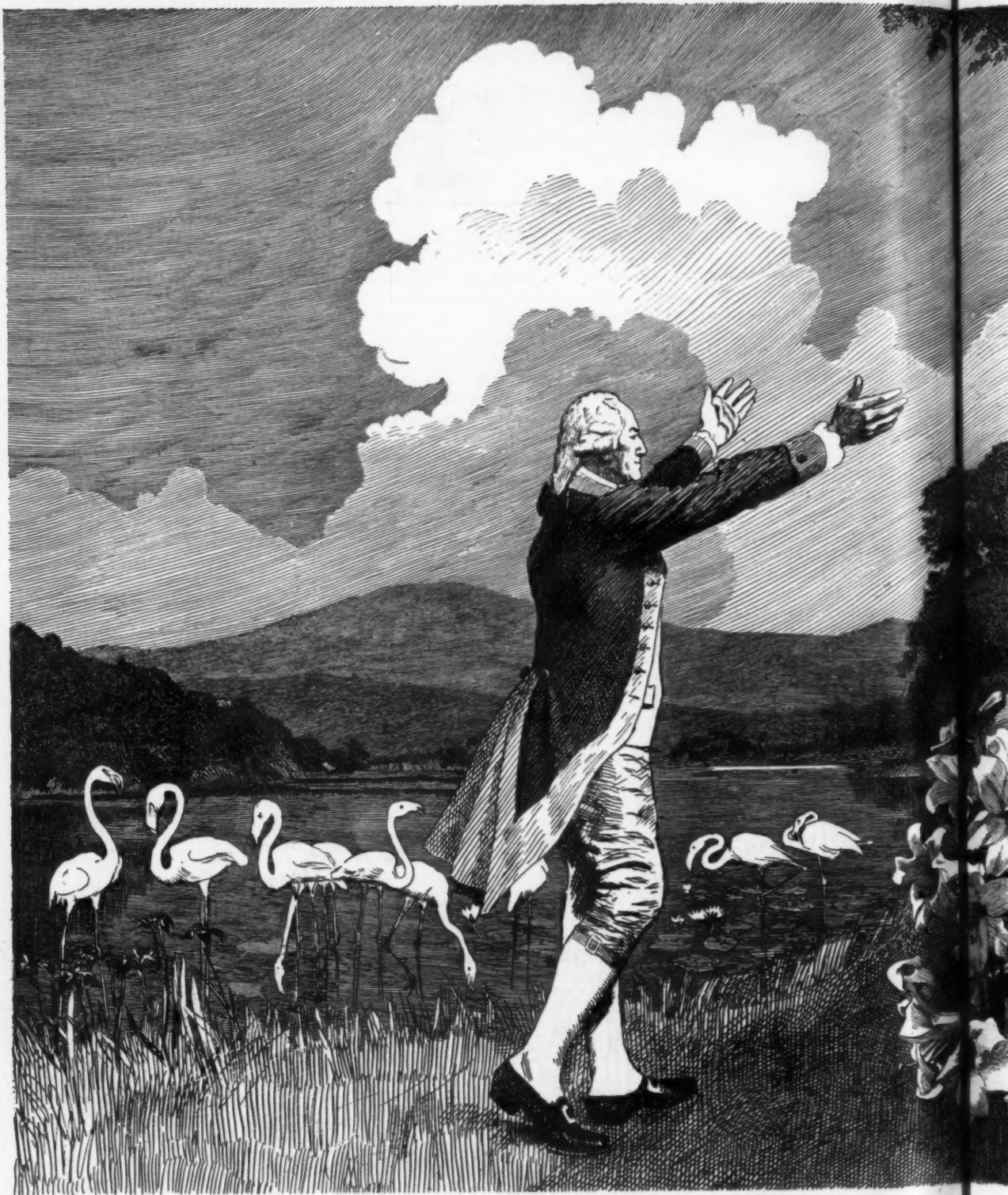
It used to be considered perfectly safe to cheat Indians. In these surprising times it is becoming doubtful whether it is safe to cheat anybody. The troublesome factor is the effect of cheating on the cheater. The cheat abides in him and has an effect on his character such as blood-poisoning has on his body. That is why it is always politically eugenic to right a wrong and never too late to pay a just debt.

E. S. M.

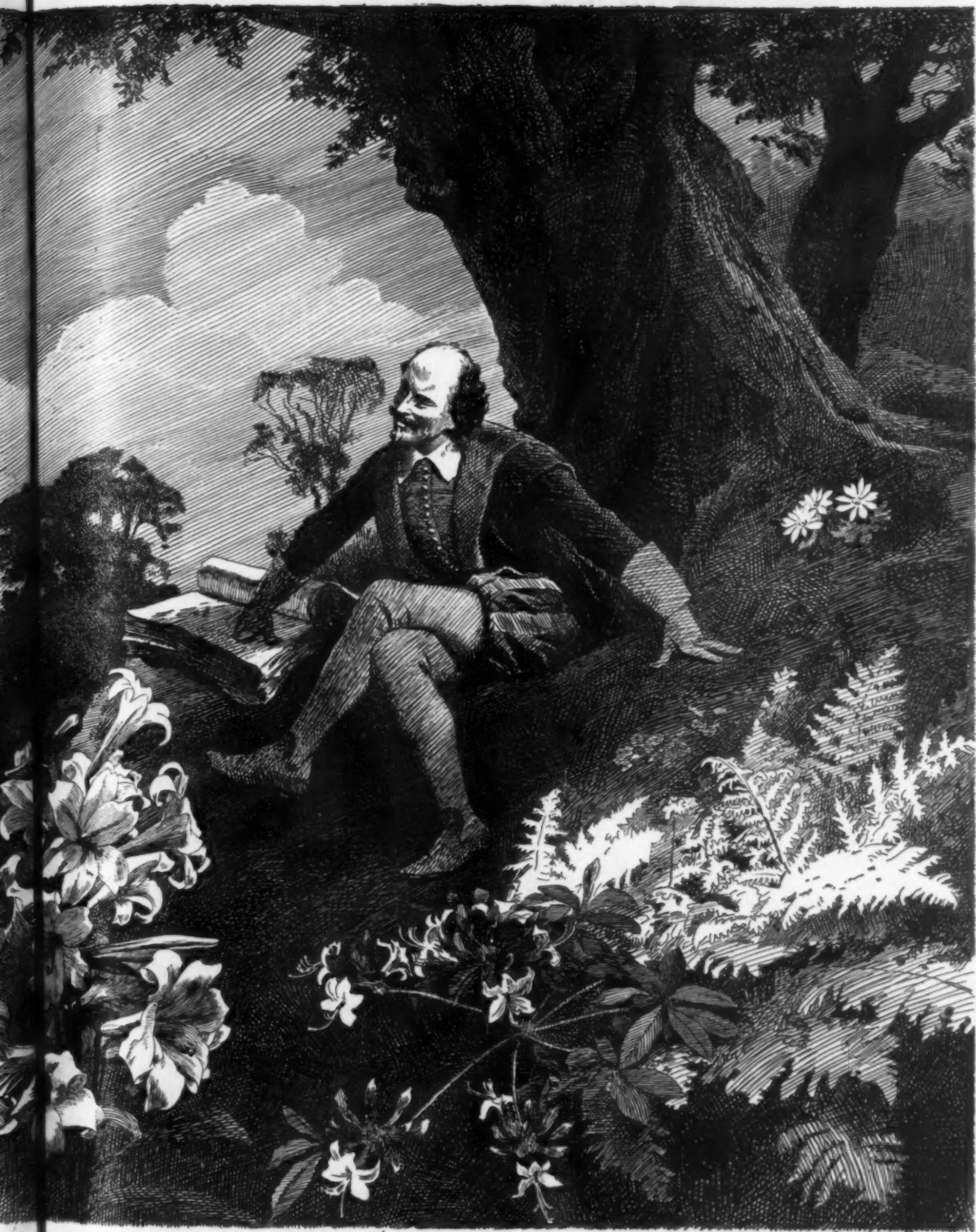


The Modern Job: No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.





Elys  
England and Americad no



Elys  
merica no interpreter

C. BROUGHTON



### Several Mysteries

IT is too bad that "The Shadow" isn't better, for if it were it would be a good play. As it is, you just sit in a gentle doze stirring restlessly now and then to the realization that here is a scene of considerable power and there an excellent situation. Somehow you feel that the fault is with you that you aren't more stirred.

The trouble comes first at the start, which is a bad place for trouble to come. There is a great deal of exposition in good rich Dartmoor dialect, in which we are told, with many "by gooms" and "aye lasses," that a certain old gentleman has disappeared, probably murdered, and that it is a very good thing for the community that he is out of the way. Everyone who comes into the village store says that it is a good thing he is out of the way. You gather that it is a good thing that he is out of the way. And, in order to stop the constant speculations as to who did it, you are almost on the point of standing up in your seat and saying that you did it and will they please go on with the play.



"THE SHADOW" is not always slow, however, and there are moments in the second and third acts which are so sincerely dramatic and honestly done that one is ashamed of finding fault with the rest of it, for at its slowest it is much more worthy of consideration than most of the garden truck that is wheeled into town each week.

Helen MacKellar is the young woman over whom all the fuss is made, and one can quite understand it. Much of the relief from the leisurely emotionalism of the piece is furnished by J. M. Kerrigan and Dallas Welford, the former still maintaining his position as the actor who never has quite enough to do to suit the audience and the latter ingratiating himself for the first time with this department by refraining from blowing himself up like a red balloon.

And since we seem to be well into a general mention of individuals in the cast, it should be noted that Percy Waram and Noel Leslie were both excellent as the intense lovers.



IT is an old complaint in these columns, but we really can not pass up a chance to say a nasty word for the audience at the up-town presentation of "The Hairy Ape." We only wish that the Post-Office Department would allow that word to be as nasty as we should like to make it.

"The Hairy Ape" is a play which is full of talk such as one actually might hear in the stoke-hole of a steamer. It is spoken by a man whose spirit is being tortured in its at-

tempt to break through the sweat and grime of his muscle-bound flesh into some sort of crude expression. It is the most tragic language we have ever heard.

But because it takes the form of oaths, blasphemy and slang, many dear ladies (and, we must admit, a few men) took it for comedy and greeted each line with coy giggles. Several people brought children, thinking that it was to be something like Hagenbeck's Dog and Monkey Show. In front of us sat three of the fairest works of God, one of whom confided to the others, between nibbles at a chocolate: "Of course it is morbid, but I see the humor of it." And so she did, bless her heart! She would have seen the humor in the burning of Joan of Arc. But she will never know how near she came to having her skull crashed in. It all depended on whether or not I could get loose the arm of my chair to use as a club, and I couldn't quite make it.



THE success of "The Bat" and "The Cat and the Canary" has begun to stir the ambitions of other producers, and the word has evidently gone around that the mystery play is to be the thing this summer. And when the word gets around, watch out for an avalanche. According to the accepted managerial philosophy, anything that has been successful once will be successful again—and again—and again, until at last the audience is able to repeat the lines with the actors. Then it is time to get something different.

Of the two shots in the dark which have rung out during the past few weeks, "The Charlatan" hit somewhere near the public heart, and "The Night Call" imbedded itself in the wood-work just over the umbrella-stand. Both have gone out deliberately to combine the tested devices of melodrama. "The Charlatan" has, in addition, the novel feature of a magician in whose mysterious cabinet the original murder occurs, and, as played by Fred Tiden, this character has enough distinction to pull the play out of the ordinary groove.



THE only thing that could pull "The Night Call" out of the groove would be an announcement that it was intended as a burlesque mystery melodrama. If such was the intention, it has "The Tavern" backed into the warehouse, and the lines: "When our fairy-prince comes along, we shall know him the moment we see him" and "What is this thing we call love?" become epoch-making sentences in the literature of kidding. If meant seriously, however, "The Night Call" has little to recommend it but the off-stage thunder.

Robert C. Benchley.



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Bat. Morosco.**—No one seems able to stop this orgy of glorious crime.

**Bulldog Drummond. Knickerbocker.**—The most villainous villains and heroic heroes in New York.

**The Cat and the Canary. National.**—A wandering madman and unseen hands in a haunted house contributing to the time of your life.

**Chains of Dew. Provincetown.**—To be reviewed next week.

**The Charlatan. Times Square.**—To be reviewed next week.

**The Hairy Ape. Plymouth.**—Eugene O'Neill's tremendous fantasy of realism showing brute man in a blind alley.

**He Who Gets Slapped. Fulton.**—The circus as the scene of a beautiful tragedy.

**The Hindu. Comedy.**—Walker Whiteside in an Oriental melodrama of sliding panels and sly glances.

**Lawful Larceny. Republic.**—A good cast and some interesting situations making a silk box-office out of a sow's ear.

**Montmartre. Nova Bayes.**—Imported French staples.

**The National Anthem. Henry Miller's.**—Laurette Taylor in anti-jazz propaganda.

**The Nest. Forty-Eighth St.**—A poignant play of parenthood, splendidly acted.

**The Shadow. Klaw.**—Reviewed in this issue.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**The Bronx Express. Astor.**—Reviewed in this issue.

**Captain Applejack. Cors.**—Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash in a delightful tale of adventure gone mad.

**The Czarina. Empire.**—The affairs of a royal heart made charmingly intimate by Doris Keane.

**The Demi-Virgin. Eltinge.**—A veritable fairyland of dirt.

**The Dover Road. Bijou.**—Charles Cherry in very pleasant English comedy.

**The First Year. Little.**—The first great play to give proper importance to the unimportant things in married life.

**The French Doll. Lyceum.**—Not a very remarkable play, but played in expert manner by Irene Bordoni and an excellent cast.

**The Goldfish. Masine Elliott's.**—Marjorie Rambeau in a hodge-podge of comedy, farce and sentiment which is occasionally amusing.

**Kiki. Belasco.**—The career of a little *cocotte* portrayed with vivid artistry by Lenore Ulric.

**Madelaine and the Movies.**—A moving arrangement of a scenario, hurried along by George M. Cohan and his daughter.

**Partners 'Again. Selwyn.**—To be reviewed next week.

**The Rubicon. Hudson.**—Key-hole stuff.

**Six-Cylinder Love. Sam H. Harris.**—Suburban automobiling and its attendant woes made hilarious by Ernest Truex and June Walker.

**To the Ladies! Liberty.**—A highly amusing play of young married life and business with moments of delightful satire.

**The Truth About Blayds. Booth.**—The story of a blasted literary reputation, effectively done.

**Up the Ladder. Playhouse.**—Regulation comedy, with a moral.

**What the Public Wants. Garrick.**—To be reviewed later.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Blossom Time. Ambassador.**—Franz Schubert's melodies adapted with grateful effect.

**The Blue Kitten. Earl Carroll.**—Joseph Cawthorn and Lillian Lorraine in a you-know.

**The Blushing Bride. Forty-Fourth St.**—Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield for whatever that is worth to you.

**Chauve Souris. Forty-Ninth St.**—Russian entertainers in an artistic rearrangement of familiar acts.

**For Goodness Sake! Lyric.**—The dancing of the Astaires is good enough to carry it.

**Go Easy Mabel! Longacre.**—To be reviewed later.

**Good Morning Dearie! Globe.**—A good substantial hit.

**The Hotel Mouse. Shubert.**—Frances White and Taylor Holmes with some songs.

**Letty Pepper. Vanderbilt.**—Another of the Letty stories hung on the engaging frame of Charlotte Greenwood.

**Make It Snappy. Winter Garden.**—Eddie Cantor in white-face and one of the funniest Winter Garden shows for years.

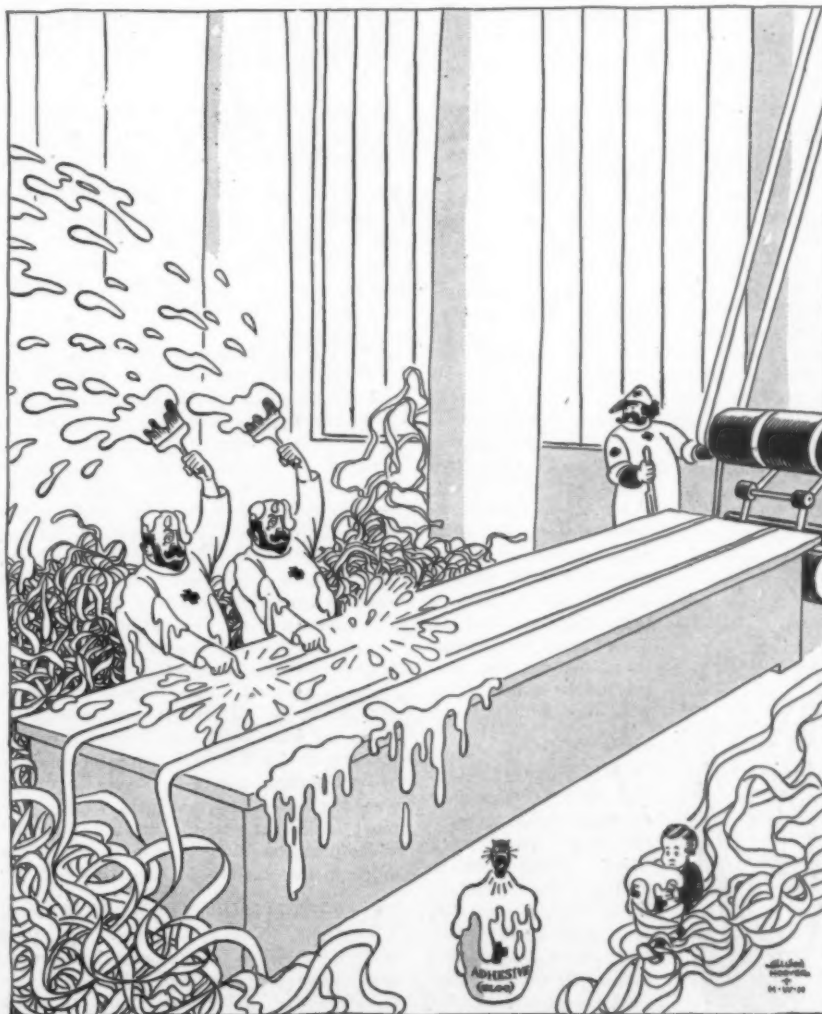
**Marjolaine. Broadhurst.**—A pleasant musical version of "Pomander Walk."

**The Music Box Revue. Music Box.**—Still the big show-piece in town.

**The Perfect Fool. George M. Cohan's.**—Ed Wynn at his busiest.

**The Rose of Stamboul. Century.**—Comic opera on a grand scale, with Tessa Kosta to sing and James Barton to knock about.

**Tangerine. Casino.**—Julia Sanderson smiling through the season.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY  
No. 36. Messrs. Johnson and Johnson bend their energies toward filling a rush order.



**BLACK GOLD**, by Albert Payson Terhune (George H. Doran Company). Mr. Terhune has a labor-saving idea; he has supplied with his book a review of his own, thus saving the reviewer the trouble of reading it—assuming, of course, that reviewers ever read the volumes they review. He begins by saying:

"If you are questing for character study or for realism or for true literature in any of its forms—then walk around this book of mine."

That seems fair enough—to warn off the highbrows. Then he goes on to declare that if you want "a yarn with lots of action" and some of it pretty "exciting," this is the book you are looking for.

But he is modest. "It has," he declares, "all the old tricks." He intimates that it "creaks" and rather pats the reader on the back when he says that "after all, there is nothing especially debasing in a taste for yarns which drip with mystery and suspense and ceaseless action; even if the style and concept of these yarns be grossly lacking in certain approved elements."

The real difficulty with this apology—and we might also say of the book—is that such an explanation ought not to be necessary. It is possible to write a story that drips with action and still have it a work of art; indeed that is the best test. "Black Gold" is undoubtedly interesting; it is better than you are led to expect from what the author says.



"*IS that so?*" says Mr. Oppenheim to those who thought the war had ended him! Trust him to restore the pre-war thrill to a tale of plot and counterplot. 1934—the Kaiser's helmet frown to China—the secret cities of Prince Shan and ah! —a-h-h!



*AFFLICTED with far-sightedness is this Frederick! What normal eye could rove beyond its Aethra, or care so to waste its time? A good novel, this, and a problem in applied mathematics as well. How make One of Two? Answer—Three!*

**GUY HAMILTON SCULL**. Compiled with an introduction by Henry Jay Chase (Duffield & Company). This book is distinctly disappointing. It conveys an undeniable impression of perfunctory writing—as if the author, or compiler, had something to do that interested him enough to do as well as he could within his limitations, but not enough to inspire him in the writing. It seems to us that he has missed an opportunity. It isn't (as we have inferred) so much a biography as a compilation of ill-assorted facts, bolstered up by the encomiums of many friends of Guy Scull—who was an extraordinary product of his period. What he did, what he was—these are enough to make an interesting biography. But the scenery of his life, the astonishing array of politicians, notables, movements and wars and colorful characters—what a setting! What a chance for a real book! We Americans always seem to hurry too much in the writing of such books.

**A LITTLE MORE**, by W. B. Maxwell (Dodd, Mead & Company). A good book of English life, highly substantial, and extremely satisfying. The author is a dependable writer: the kind of book that you will eventually want to read—or ought to want to.

**THE WAYS OF LAUGHTER**, by Harold Begbie (G. P. Putnam's Sons). There is something unseemly about a microscopic examination of the coy thing we call Humor.

Mr. Begbie is a thoughtful and expert writer even if he is, at times, a trifle dull, or a little more than a trifle fatuous. "The Mirrors of Downing Street" has been attributed to him, with what justice we do not know.

Still, not even Mr. Begbie can summon Laughter, put her through her paces, show off her points, deplore her failings, crack her over the shoulders, dig her in the ribs.

It really isn't done, it shouldn't be done, and after reading "The Ways of Laughter" we decided that it can never be done.

The publishers describe it as a light-hearted novel which has a kind of gaiety that only a deep and serious mind could achieve. This is a most misleading statement. One expects the kind of déagég nonsense with which Lewis Carroll or even Stephen Leacock acquaints us. It would

be just as wrong to imagine that an academic course in Humor is necessarily entertaining.

If the book contains a moral it may be that Humor cannot be transplanted even though it can often be forced. One wonders, indeed, why the attempt is still made.

*IN his very preface, Mr. Benchley strikes the lofty note that is to be sounded in every page of a noble book. It is informed by the clarity of mind, the surety of purpose so plainly to be observed in this portrait of the author, in which the artist, seizing upon him as he is on his way to the lecture platform, so strikingly reveals his inner spirit.*





**QUIXOTE** spurred Rosinante hot upon the trail of giant and dragon in the Spain of old Cervantes—and of Dulcinea! And young Dos Passos, mounting the good steed again, sets pen in rest to spear a gesture—and finds it in Pastora's flaunting hips.



**THEY** sought for beauty, in life, in love, in play and wine and talk, to right and left. And they were damned, not for the manner of their search, nor because it led them in forbidden ways, but because they turned away from what they sought, not knowing they had found it.

**GOLDIE GREEN**, by Samuel Merwin (Bobbs-Merrill Company). A story written after the manner of the *Saturday Evening Post*, which generally means that it is highly interesting—as this one undeniably is. Mr. Merwin has all the accomplishments of the master story teller of this style; but above all, he has managed to produce something that is really good—a picture of a certain type of modern American girl that may be termed the "output" of business conditions plus a rather sodden family—stereotyped but vivid and entertaining.

of Milne himself. Frankly a mystery story, it is delightfully written, and almost amusing—although the intention is to make it exciting.

**IN THE MORNING OF TIME**, by Charles G. D. Roberts (Frederick A. Stokes Company). The author brings to his aid a comprehensive knowledge of outdoors and takes us back to prehistoric times for his love affairs. A kind of glorified cave man story, and as such, well done.

**VAN ZANTEN'S HAPPY DAYS**, by Laurids Bruun (Alfred A. Knopf). Translated from the Danish. South Sea Island love story—that's all.

**THE COOK'S WEDDING** and Other Stories, by Anton Chekhov (The Macmillan Company). Abounding in choked babies and kitten-eating dogs, these Russian bed-time tales of and for little Russian child-things are in the unhappiest tradition of the Master Gloom. Even though the book drips with such sentiment as "Goody-goody, they're shooting people in the street," it is far better material than the night-night drivel that trickles through the radiophone every evening. The safest dose is one story to eight parts undiluted Pollyoptimism.

**THE FORSYTE SAGA**, by John Galsworthy (Charles Scribner's Sons).

This is a unique experiment, the placing of a group of novels, all dealing with the same family, in one volume. What careful workmanship, what industry in the writing!

**LUCRETIA LOMBARD**, by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page & Company). We confess to a growing respect and admiration for Mrs. Norris's development as a novelist. She is undoubtedly striving constantly for greater perfection, and her work betrays increasing sincerity. The present book in our opinion is an advance on her previous novels.

**THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY**, by A. A. Milne (E. P. Dutton & Company). This volume is a far cry from Mr. Milne's humorous pieces in *Punch* and even from "Mr. Pim" and his other dramatic work. One might say that it is a reflex of Conan Doyle, united with a touch of Meredith and quite a lot



**CALL** your doll Cytherea—you still have a doll. Call Cytherea Savins—you have still a wanton. Small folk, cheap folk, and their small, cheap doings. Oh, it's ugly—but is it art?

**THE WHITE KAMI**, by Edward Alden Jewell (Alfred A. Knopf). Shoes and ships—Hairy Ainus and opium. Into a frame of adventure Mr. Jewell has woven contrasting threads of character so deftly and searchingly that the pattern is nowise anticipated. To paraphrase a current advertisement, "The White Kami" is good to the last stop.

(Continued on page 33)



# THE SILENT DRAMA



## Silencing the Critics

A NUMBER of anxious readers (the sort who sign their letters "Fair Play," "Veritas," etc.) have written in expressing concern over the fact that the editor of this department has recently paid a protracted visit to Hollywood. Having doubtless read Upton Sinclair's "The Brass Check," and consequently being in possession of all the statistics concerning the perfidy of the press, they have come to the conclusion that the movie producers have subsidized LIFE with attractive bribes, and that henceforth the critical tone of the motion picture reviews will be materially relaxed. They fear that the echoes of the anvil chorus will cease to reverberate on this page. They suspect that the raspberry crop has been blighted by the gold bug.

Just to dam this flood of suspicion, I have collected for review herewith a number of pictures which, for the most part, are characterized by malignant mediocrity. The one real exception is "The Loves of Pharaoh"—and that was produced in Berlin, at a distance of some seven thousand miles from Hollywood. As I have never been to Berlin, I can scarcely be accused of favoritism on that score.

## "Pay Day"

IT is not easy to condemn a Chaplin picture. The critic who dares to do so is painfully conscious of the fact that he is making inconsequential grimaces at immortality. But I confess that I experience no such qualms about "Pay Day." If that is a work of genius, then "The Sheik" will outlive The Inferno.

There are one or two beautiful moments in "Pay Day," particularly those when Charlie tries ineffectually to board a series of crowded street cars. After several futile attempts to get on, he finally climbs over the heads of the crowd to the back platform, and then is elbowed right through the car and squeezed off at the front end.

That, of course, is up to the best Chaplin tradition. But it is not enough; and if Charlie intends to maintain his

commanding position in the world of the silent drama, he will have to stop stalling. Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton are becoming altogether too good to be ignored as rivals.

## "Fascination"

IN "Fascination," Mae Murray appears as a jazz-crazy flapper to whom discipline is an archaic and obsolete word. She obeys none of the usual commands or commandments, being especially contemptuous of such familiar orders as "At Ease!" or "Rest!" There is only one scene in the entire picture when she relaxes her frantic energy and stays quiet for an instant, and that is when an accommodating Spanish matador inserts a knife between two of her expensive ribs.

More power to the matador is the inevitable comment of the audience at this point.

## "The Loves of Pharaoh"

THERE are said to be 126,000 people in "The Loves of Pharaoh"—but that should not be held against it. You could remove 125,996 men, women and children from the cast, and the remaining four would be enough to make it a remarkably fine picture. They are hosts in themselves.

The quartet in question is composed of Emil Jannings, Harry Leidtke, Paul Wegener and Dagny Servaes, and if there has ever been a finer combination of dramatic talent in one photoplay, that film has not as yet been reviewed in the motion picture department of LIFE. Above and beyond all of which is the fact that "The Loves of Pharaoh" was directed by Ernest Lubitsch, a man whose name now stands for everything that is great, everything that is beautiful on the screen. And "The Loves of Pharaoh" is his greatest and most beautiful picture.

The plot of the play does not matter. Suffice it to say that, unlike most of its Teutonic predecessors, it has a plot. The scenes, as one might almost guess from the title, are in ancient Egypt, and center about the ill-advised affection of Pharaoh Amenes for a slave girl. For her sweet sake, he plunges

Egypt into war, and the black hordes of the Ethiopians descend upon Thebes even as the homeward bound throngs of toilers descend upon the subway each evening at 5:15.

"The Loves of Pharaoh" is a splendid example of what the movies ought to be and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, aren't.

## "Smilin' Through"

FOR those who like their sentiment laid on thick, "Smilin' Through" will provide palatable fare. It is unquestionably the mushiest entertainment in years.

The story covers a period of forty years. John Carteret's bride, Moonyeen, has been murdered at the altar by a jealous suitor, and so, quite naturally, Carteret cherishes throughout his life an implacable hatred for the assassin, and for all his kin. But the spirit of Moonyeen keeps dissolving in and out of the picture, trying to convince him that he must dispel the bitterness from his heart and be glad—glad—glad that he wasn't punctured himself by the murderous bullet.

The spiritualistic note is stressed heavily throughout. (Suggestion to local exhibitors who book this film: Play up the spook stuff strong in advertising. Tie it up if possible with Sir Conan Doyle's lecture tour, hammering hard on life-after-death angle. A good hunch is to get sandwich men dressed up as ghosts to cover streets in business section of your town, carrying signs, "I've been a Dead One for Forty Years, but I'm still 'SMILIN' THROUGH"—All this week at the Arcadia.)

The transparent rôle of Moonyeen is played by the substantial Miss Norma Talmadge, who easily maintains her position as long-distance close-up champion of the world. Miss Talmadge brings much charm to the part, and a certain amount of genuine emotion; but most of the time, to paraphrase the old lyric, she is not weeping tears to me, she's weeping glycerine.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 30)



## Salmagundi—

*"A box where sweets compacted lie"  
to tempt the taste, intrigue the eye*

Visualize this newest member of Whitman's Quality Group, a gift-box of metal, with mosaic design by Mucha. Imagine the hinged lid swinging back, releasing the aroma of this new assortment of Whitman's. a promise of the treat to come:

Majestic, Plum Pudding, Mint Rings, Pecan Cluster, Filbert Cluster, Brazil, Marshmallow Fudge, Nougat, Molasses Chewing, Pecan Marshmallow, Solid Tablet, Marshmallow Square, Almonds, Flat Cream Mints, St. Nicholas, Marshmallow Apricot, Molasses Chips, Pecan Caramel, Milk Chocolate Blossoms, Solid Chocolate Butterfly, Molasses Blocks, Marshmallow Mints, Messenger Boy. Surely "a feast of nectared sweets where no crude surfeit reigns."

Salmagundi Chocolates, in their sought-for art metal box, are sold by that selected store near you displaying the sign

# Whitman's

## Chocolates and Confections

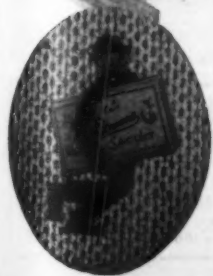
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

New York Branch: 215 W. 33rd St

Chicago Branch: 1537 Michigan Ave., South

San Francisco Branch: 449 Minna St.





**"Without Fear of Contradiction"**

The editor's wife drove up in front of the office late Saturday afternoon and honked the horn. As the editor put on his hat and coat, he remarked: "Well, I won't say I won't plant grass this evening, but I will say that up to now I didn't intend to."—*Great Bend Tribune.*

**New York's Smoke Nuisance**

"Why this smoky atmosphere?" asked the visitor in the great city. "Haven't you a soft coal ordinance?"  
"That ain't coal smoke," replied the cop. "Our gunmen are usin' black powder."  
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

**The Efficient Reporter**

Wyoming Paper—"A. C. Newton returned from somewhere last week. He had been there for several weeks, wherever it was."—*Boston Transcript.*

VISITOR (at spirit medium's): May I speak with Madame Diavola?

ATTENDANT: Stupid! Can you not hear that she has gone into the Silence?  
—*Harvard Lampoon.*



**THE PARTING OF THE WAYS**  
*Political Customer (bitterly): Well, Lloyd George can do wot 'e likes now; I've done with 'im.*  
—*Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.*

**From the Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys**

... And so to my desk, and found C. Knapp there, and tells me a story of a man who sat behind a poker-player, and signalled to another player across the table what the hands were that were held by the man he was sitting behind. On this account the player who got the signals won about \$500, and he took aside the signaller and thanked him. Nay, said the signaller, if I had been sitting behind you, I should have tipped the other guy off. How do you account for that? asked the poker-player. Well, quoth the signaller, I am just a dirty crook.  
—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

**Southern Travel**

When the train moped along the tracks of a little railroad branch in the South an impatient traveler inquired:  
"Whatsa matter?"  
The "cracker" conductor yawned, looked out the window with small interest and replied:  
"Hand car has the right of way."  
—*Youngstown Telegram.*

PAUL: Mamma, please make Ted stop teasing me.  
MAMMA: Didn't he give you your choice of the two apples?  
PAUL: Yes, but he's got two that are just the same size!—*New York Sun.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.  
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**WHEN TRAVELING**

...you will find that wherever money is used they are immediately accepted...

**TRAVELERS' American Bankers Association Cheques**

Ask for them at your bank OR write for particulars to **BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, New York City**

**Ever Trainsick or Seasick?**

Be guided by the experience of thousands of travelers the world over and use **MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY**

It prevents and relieves nausea. Officially adopted by Steamship Companies on both fresh and salt water. Contains no cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, coal tar products or their derivatives, nor other habit forming drugs.

Sold by leading druggists—75c and \$1.50 on guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded.

Send for a copy of Mothersill's Travel Book. It's free on request.

**MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO. DETROIT MICHIGAN**

Also at 19 St. Bride St., London. Montreal, New York, and Milan.

**The Red House Mystery**

"The perfect detective story" says *The New York Herald*

By **A. A. MILNE**

Author of "The Dover Road."

\$2.00 at any bookstore.

**E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.**





"Well?"

"It wouldn't have been 'well' if we hadn't both been driving on Kelly-Springfield Cords!"

**N**OT only will the new Kelly Kant-Slip Cord tire help the driver to keep his car under control on slippery streets, but it will give him the long, uninterrupted mileage which Kelly users have come to expect as a matter of course. Best of all, you can now buy Kellys for no more than you would have to pay for ordinary tires.



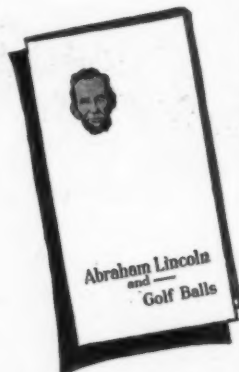
John Held Jr.

**"FORE!"**  
and 30

*R of course the new  
combination of golf  
ball supremacy*

*The Sensational British Ball,  
R-34*

LOW & HUGHES GOLF SHOP, Inc.  
Sole Distributors New York City  
COUNTY GOLF COMPANY  
Manufacturers and Importers New York City



*The Booklet Goes Around  
in about 68  
Write for it, Free*

## An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

## Sold at Last

Persistency in inserting the same advertisement, with no change of wording or illustration, is a trait of some advertisers.

A prospective customer wrote to a firm whose advertisement never seemed to change:

"Have noted your picture of one pair corduroy pants in 'Home Magazine' for past four months. More I see of them better I like them. If not sold as yet, please enter my order for same."—*Forbes*.

## Art Pour l'Art

FIRST CROOK: Gyp is wedded to his art. He loves his crime just for the crime's sake.

SECOND DITTO: I'll say so. Gyp would use lead slugs in the street car fare slot if they cost him fifty cents apiece.

—*Nashville Tennessean*.

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Irony and Big Eyes

Help was scarce, and the packers had to be treated with great care to keep them from walking out. The foreman of the big apple-packing house had suffered almost all he could stand. A lull came in the rush of work, and one of the sorters, a thin little girl with big eyes and an Irish name, began to try her hand at packing.

"Here, you!" cried the foreman, glad to relieve his feelings on some one. "Cut that out. Put that paper back!"

The girl's eyes grew larger as she meekly laid the paper on the table; but she kept them fixed on him, unabashed.

"Put it on the shelf where it belongs," he ordered.

She did so and with her wide eyes still fixed on his said gently, "You don't have to speak kind like that to me. I ain't sick or nothing."—*Youth's Companion*.

### Optional Reading

ENGLISH PROFESSOR: Jones, why are you not prepared?

JONES: I am prepared; you said, "Read 'Twelfth Night or What You Will,'" so I read "The Beautiful and Damned."

—*Princeton Tiger*.

"ARE you going any farther West?"

"I planned to," said the foreign visitor.

"Is there any danger from Indians?"

"Not if you keep out of the way of their motor cars."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



**New Shoes  
Old Shoes  
Tight Shoes**

all feel the same  
if you shake into  
them some

**ALLEN'S  
FOOT-EASE**

So Easy to Use

The Antiseptic, Healing  
Powder for the feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



Rests the Foot

## HOTEL ASPINWALL LENOX, MASS.

*High and Cool in the Berkshires*  
A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION  
Opens June 17—Golf, Tennis, Saddle Riding,  
Garage. Desirable Cottages with Hotel Service.  
L. A. TWOROGER, Manager  
Winter Resort, Princess Hotel, Bermuda

# Hotels Statler

## Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo—to open early in 1923; 500 more rooms will be added later.

### *An Advertisement to Our Employees:*



"If you have ever been doubtful as to whether we mean what we say, this ought to settle it."

People generally pay more attention to telegrams than to letters, don't they? You agree, because you know that the man who pays several times the cost of a letter to get his message before you quickly and prominently has something important to say.

That's exactly why I'm giving you this message in expensive—and valuable—space when I might get it to you more economically in several other ways. That's why I'm advertising, to you, the service you give.

There's another reason, too. I'm here going on public record with this—which I wouldn't be if the same sheet of printed words were sent to you at the hotel or at your home address.

Now forget those preliminaries and get the message:

You know, and I know, that the policies of this business are simple, and plain, and easily understood.

You know, and I know, that the biggest job in running these big hotels is to keep the human side of service up to our standard. The mechanical service-features don't make one one-hundredth the trouble that the people who give service do.

Our guests are promised, by our policies and in our advertising and otherwise, a service that isn't only thorough, but is also helpful; that isn't perfunctory, and that is interested; that isn't ever grudging, and is always courteous.

Those written promises, made to our customers, are just as binding on us as are the written promises to our bankers to pay them certain moneys.

What I'm saying to you, here and now, is that those promises must and will be kept; and I'm saying

it in this way, in addition to all the other ways you know about, because I want you to know that these are promises of record, and that neither you nor I nor anybody working in these hotels can forget them or neglect them, and get away with it.

All previous instructions stand, you understand, and all alibis are outlawed. You're to do all your authority permits toward satisfying any guest, and if that doesn't satisfy him you're to see that he gets to your superior.

You're to be guided by the Codes; you're to use your head.

I don't want to preach, and I don't want to scold. If I do either I'll do it in private. What I'm trying to do is to put this to you in this most forceful way I can think of.

If you have ever been doubtful as to whether we mean what we say, this ought to settle it.

*E. M. Statler*

# Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*



## SOLID BUSINESS FOUNDATIONS

can be established only on the bed-rock of sound financing, which in turn can be obtained only from sound and responsible financial institutions possessed of both the experience and organization to serve fully and competently in all departments of banking.

### The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO  
Complete Banking Service  
More than \$55,000,000 Invested Capital

## The Modern Novel

(Continued from page 14)

but these here re-elastic books is practically what anybody could write if he had the nerve, Fishbein, because, for instance, I could sit down and write out what you told me about your past life, leaving out the parts which ain't interesting, and while I admit it wouldn't be fit to print, it would probably sell big if the police didn't stop it."

"Is that so!" Fishbein retorted. "And how about what you was telling me the other day about your experiences, the time you had the store there on Third Avenue?"

"Say!" Blintz exclaimed. "Compared with what is sold in bookstores every

# KENNEBEC

## CANOES

"SAFEST TO USE"

Light, Staunch and Safe. Beautifully finished and perfectly balanced; quick to respond to paddle.

You can have our 1922 illustrated catalog free showing canoes and boats that will meet the most discriminating tastes. Best Quality—Low Prices.



Kennebec Boat & Canoe Co.  
42 S. B. ST., WATSEVILLE, MASS.

day, what I told you about my experiences on Third Avenue wouldn't be no more interesting to the ladies which buys re-elastic books than a national bank statement. Which, if I really and truly wanted to write a story book out of my experiences, Fishbein, I would make them twice as strong, y'understand, and even then I don't think I could get them interesting enough, because the average business man ain't got the spare time for being such a loafer as the average hero of a re-elastic story."

### Best Seller

STIR in a fool to make us laugh;  
Two heavy villains and a half;  
A heroine with golden hair,  
With half a dozen beaux to spare.  
A mystery upon the shore;  
Some bloody footprints on the floor;  
A shrewd detective chap, who mates  
The footprints with the hero's eight,  
And makes it squally for that gent,  
Till he is proven innocent.  
A brownstone front; a dingle dell.  
Spice it with scandal, stir it well,  
Serve it hot,—and the book will sell.  
G. M. S.

THE height of every Ford owner's ambition is to get a summons for speeding.

## THE SILENT DRAMA

### Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24.)

**Come On Over.** *Goldwyn.*—More free publicity for the Ould Sod, with shamrocks and brogue furnished by Mr. Rupert Hughes.

**Cold Feet.** *Christie.*—A delightful burlesque of a Curwood frozen North drama.

**Human Hearts.** *Universal.*—Very potent tear gas.

**Polly of the Follies.** *First National.*—Constance Talmadge in a great deal of nonsense, most of which is foolish enough to be funny.

**Mistress of the World.** *Paramount.*—Ha, ha, ha!

**Grandma's Boy.** *Pathé.*—Harold Lloyd in a five-reel comedy that deserves a room and bath in the Hall of Fame.

**The Cradle Buster.** *Warren.*—Glenn Hunter in a very pleasant and very adolescent little story.

**Orphans of the Storm.** *United Artists.*—Miss Lillian Gish, having survived the Civil and European Wars, not to mention the Fall of Babylon, and a few other conflicts, now goes through the French Revolution and easily earns another gold chevron.

**Is Matrimony a Failure?** *Paramount.*—A hilarious farce about life beyond the altar—well acted, well written, well directed and well received.

**Cardigan.** *American.*—A drama of the American Revolution, and very dull, at that.

**The Sin Flood.** *Goldwyn.*—Frank Lloyd's excellent production of Henning Berger's play, "The Deluge." Well worth your time and money.

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THE big detective sank wearily into a seat in the smoker of the Suburban Express. It had been a long hard day and just as he thought he had finished up, a call had come from New Jersey. Another robbery—inside job, new chauffeur, French maid—the usual hackneyed clues. Why couldn't the Chief have given the job to one of the younger and less experienced men?

The big detective slouched into the corner of his seat, tipped his hat forward on his nose and settled down for a half-hour nap. How long he slept or what wakened him he was unable to say, but when he came to, the train was in motion and some men in the seat behind him were engaged in a heated argument. Listening unconsciously, he was startled by hearing one of the men say, "That's all well and good, but what are you going to do with the diamond?"

The man addressed snarled back, "I'm going to get rid of it. It's no good to me now."

The big detective was all attention. He pictured his entrance at Headquarters. Two birds with one stone wouldn't be so bad. Edging over toward the aisle he quietly stepped back to the seat behind him, and flipping over the badge lapel of his coat he addressed four surprised men.

"Well, just *how* are you planning to get rid of that diamond?" said the big detective coldly.

"Why, you poor boob, I'm going to discard it on the spade," answered one of the players.

D. H. B.



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4A

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"Snow? Why, it looks like popped rain!"



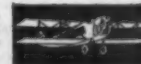
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The Latest Books

(Continued from page 23)

**LILIA CHENOWORTH**, by Lee Wilson Dodd (E. P. Dutton & Company). With a fanfare of false notes, Mr. Dodd conducts a symphony of discord, using the thin-skinned personalities of two vivid young people as his main themes. While most of the book must be off-key to the sensitive reader for whom he is patently playing, he occasionally surmounts his self-presented difficulties and affords moments of sombre beauty.

**THE OUTCAST**, by Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by W. Worster. (Doubleday, Page & Company.) The work of a distinguished Swedish novelist, the first woman to secure the Nobel peace prize. A powerful story, and we should judge splendidly translated.

**ONE MAN'S VIEW**, by Leonard Merrick (E. P. Dutton & Company). Another volume of the new uniform and distinctive set of the author's novels. With a preface by Granville Barker.

**PATCHWORK**, by Beverly Nichols (Henry Holt & Company). A story of English collegiate life, rather lively, rather good.

**SILVER CROSS**, by Mary Johnston (Little, Brown & Company). A historical novel, dealing with the period of Henry Seventh, Sixteenth Century. Good—of its kind.

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**THE TRIBAL GOD**, by Herbert Tremain (Doubleday, Page & Company). The first novel of an English writer. A fine, distinctive study, below Galsworthy, and above a lot of others.

**TORQUIL'S SUCCESS**, by Muriel Hine (Dodd, Mead & Company). The story of a young English writer, merged into a study of a certain stratum of English life; well written and entertaining.

**CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE**, by Edgar Lee Masters (The Macmillan Company). Mr. Masters has undoubtedly spent a great deal of time and pains over this story, which is laid in Civil War times, and no doubt it is good history, written with sincerity of purpose. But is it interesting?

**ONE WOMAN**, by Alfred Ollivant (Doubleday, Page & Company). This, by the author of "Bob, Son of Battle," is an unusually stirring tale of English life, with love and tragedy and war atmosphere. Mighty good reading.

**CONFLICT**, by Clarence Budington Kelland (Harper & Brothers). A carefully drawn character study of certain American types, with a plot that has plenty of background, the whole story being extremely well done. Good reading.

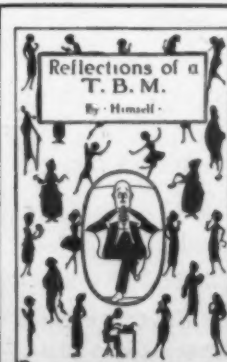
**TIDE RIPS**, by James B. Connolly (Charles Scribner's Sons). A collection of sea stories by one of the best writers of sea stories.

**THE BACKSLIDERS**, by William Lindsey (Houghton Mifflin Company). A study in small-town life, enveloped in a religious, or one might say, a pious atmosphere. Fine work.

**THE LONGEST JOURNEY**, by E. M. Forster (Alfred A. Knopf). Another English collegiate tale, of which there seems to be almost a plethora. Very good.

**THE MARRIAGE OF PATRICIA PEPPERDAY**, by Grace Miller White (Little, Brown & Company). Melodrama, served up with a pleasant vocabulary.

**BEYOND SHANGHAI**, by Harold Speakman (The Abingdon Press). A charming book on China, with illustrations in color by the author.



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—Boston Transcript.

**Distinction With a Difference**

A WRITER in a book-review supplement recently put a question: "Why are there so many able English novelists and so few really distinguished American novelists?" He didn't pause for a reply; he just went right on and answered his own question to his own satisfaction: "It is because the American writer will not pay the price of distinction, being too concerned with prices of a different character."

Before considering his answer, let us examine his question. It asserts that contemporary British story-tellers possess a larger share of one of the rarest of qualities—distinction—than is possessed by American writers. Is this a fact? Rudyard Kipling in his later work, Joseph Conrad and Lord Dunsany have distinction. But so had Howells; and so have George W. Cable and Robert Grant. So have Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, each in her own degree. So have not Shaw or Wells, Chesterton or Arnold Bennett, no one of the four; and every one of the four would scorn to have it; in fact they may be said to pride themselves on not having it.

So the question needs rephrasing: "Why do many American writers lack distinction?" Is it because they will not pay the price; because they strive for quantity rather than quality; because they increase their facility and do not intensify their art; because they write more books and not better books? To answer these questions in the affirm-

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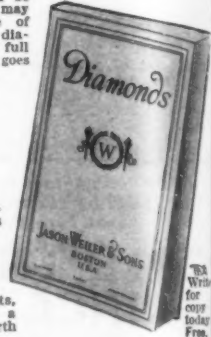
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ative is to imply that distinction can be bought with a price. Now, we all know that it cannot. Distinction is innate; it depends on character; it is the gift of God. No man by taking thought can gain distinction. The author has it or he hasn't it; and there's an end of the matter.

No doubt, many American authors write too fast and write too much; so do many British authors. But there is no warrant for the assumption that their work would be any better if they wrote less and if they wrote slowly. It might be, of course, and then it might not. Who knows? Quality often accompanies quantity. Ibsen used to take two years to write a play; but Sophocles and Shakespeare and Moliere brought out on an average two plays

year. Ibsen's method suited him; and yet the methods of Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière did not result in work hopelessly inferior to Ibsen's. Flaubert spent several years of fearful toil on a novel; and his pupil, Maupassant, dashed off at a single sitting "The Necklace," one of the minor masterpieces of the short story.

It may be doubted whether the history of fiction supplies a single instance of a novelist who would have done better work if he had written less. In writing rapidly the British and American story-tellers whose work lacks distinction are probably obeying the laws of their natures. They are doing as best they can the things they were born to do; and it is idle to speculate on what they might do if they were born again and born different. Their work may be devoid of distinction; but they can't help that. We may pity them, if we please, but we need not blame them.

B. M.

TEST love as you would an egg—if there's any doubt about it, there's no doubt about it.

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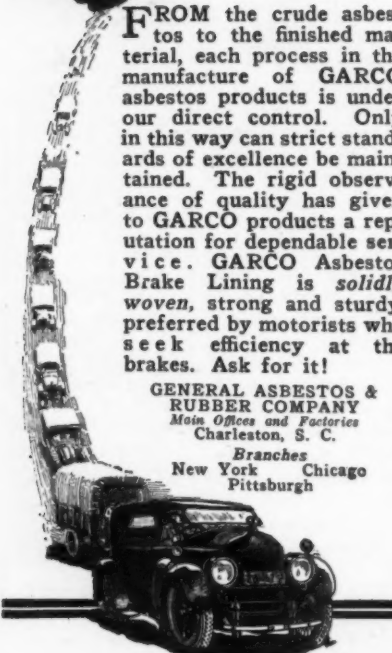


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## The Rubaiyat of Amory Khayyam

*As Translated by F. Scott Fitzgerald*

**W**AKE! For the bun that scattered  
into flight  
Dead sober reason all the jazz-long  
night,  
Has gone, and left a hangover to  
strike  
The aching cortex with a sudden blight.

### II

Before the last sub-deb became pie-eyed  
Methought a voice within the grill  
room cried,  
"When all the orangeades are doped  
with gin,  
Why nods the drowsy officer outside?"

### XII

A *Vie Parisienne* beneath the bough,  
A pocket-flask, some Lucky Strikes—or  
thou  
Beside me cuddling in the taxi-cab,  
Ah, taxi-cab were limousine enow.

### XLII

Some for the heavy Wall Street deal,  
and some  
Sigh for the fat inheritance to come.  
Ah, take Dad's Stutz and let the  
Rolls-Royce Go;  
It is the scion's privilege to bum.

H. W. H.

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attained through card playing.

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pon to-day.

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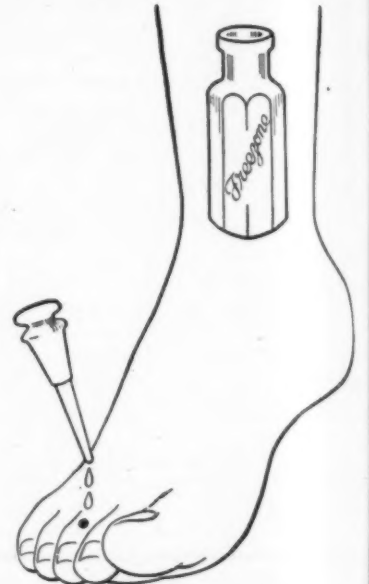
FATHER: Why do you leave the table?  
We are not through.

SON: I can't sit down so long.

FATHER: You sit down, now, or I'll  
send you away from the table.

# Corns

## Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little  
"Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly  
that corn stops hurting, then shortly you  
lift it right off with fingers. Your drug-  
gist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for  
a few cents, sufficient to remove every  
hard corn, soft corn, or corn between  
toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness



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